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Report
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THE First part of the Con- tention betwixt the two famous hou- ses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of
Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the prowde Cardinall
of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of
Jacke Cade:

And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the
Crown.

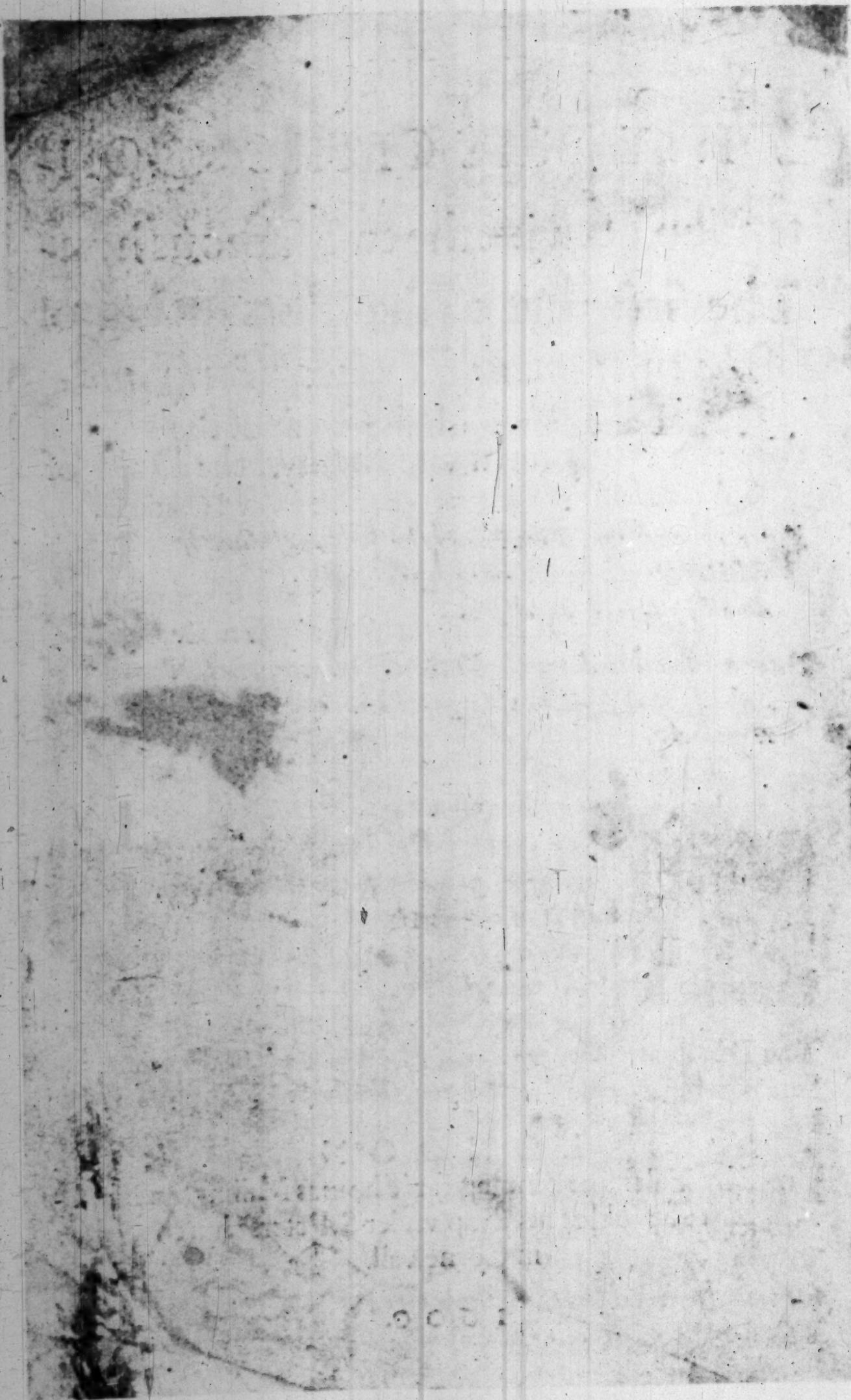
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L O N D O N

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in Cornewall.

1600.





The first part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey.

Enter at one doore, King Henry the sixt, and Humphrey Duke of
Gloster, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Buckingham, Car-
dinall Bawfond, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of Yorke, and the Marquesse of
Suffolke, and Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Salisbury and
Warwicke.

Suffolke.

S by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellency,
To marry Princes Margaret for your gracie,
So in the auncient famous Cittie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyffile,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calaber, Brittaine, and Alonson.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reverend Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espousde,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royll Peeres,
Deliuere vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gracious excellency, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gave,

*The first part of the contention of the two famous
The fairest Queene that euer King possest.*

King. Suffolke arise.

Welcom Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,
The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
Is this kind kisse: O gracious God of heauen,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulnesse,
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestowd
A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule,

Queene. Th'excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
Lest I should speake more then beseemes a woman:
Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

King. Her lookes did wound, but now speech doth pierce,
Louely Queene Margaret sit downe by my side,
And vnkle Gloster, and you lordly Peeres,
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

All. Long live Queene Margaret Englands happynesse.

Queene. We thanke you all.

Sound Trumpets.

Suffolke. My lord Protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the Articles confirm'd of peace,
Betwene our soueraigne and the French King Charles,
Till terme of eightene moneths be full expirde.

Humphrey. *In primis.* It is agreed between the French king Charles, and *William de la Poole*, Marquesse of Suffolk, embassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the 20. of the next moneth.

Item. It is further agreed between them, that the Dutches of Anioy and of Maine, shalbe released and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

Duke Humphrey lets it fall.

Ki. How now vnkle, what is the matter that you stay so sodenly.

Hum. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme cambe ouer my hant,

V Vhicle

houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

VVhich dimmes mine eies that I can see no more,
Vnkle of Winchester I pray you reade on.

Cardinal. Item. It is further agreed betwene them, that the Dutches of Anioy, and of Maine, shal be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, and shal be sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

King. They please vs well, lord Marquesse kneel down, we here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, and girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, we here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be ful expirde.

Thankes vnkle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham,
Somerset, Salsbury, and Warricke.

VVe thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queene,
Come let vs in, and with all speede prouide
To see her Coronation be performde.

*Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke, and Duke
Humphrey stayes all the rest.*

Humph. Braue Peeres of England, Pillers of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must vnfolde his griefe,
VVhat did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,
And waste his subiects for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time
To keepe in awe that stout vnruly Realme?
And haue not I and mine vnkle Bewford here,
Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?
And is all our labors then spent in vaine,
For Suffolke he the new made duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,
The Dutches of Anioy and Maine vnto her father.
Ah lords, fatall is this mariage canselling our states,
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,
Vndoing all, as none had nege beene done.

Card. VVhy how now cosin Gloster, what needes this?
As if our King were bound vnto your will,
And might not do his will without your leauer?

The first part of the contention of the two familiars

Prowd Protector, enuy in thine cies I see,
The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
That dare presume gainst that thy soueraigne likes.

Hum. Nay my Lord, tis' not my words that troubles you,
But my presence, prowde Prelate as thou art:
But ile be gone, and giue thee leaue to speake,
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophecie France would be lost ere long.

Exit Duke Humphrey.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage,
My lords, you know he is my great enemy,
And though he be Protector of the land,
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
For well you see, if he but walke the streetes,
The common people swarne about him straight,
Crying, Iesus blesse your roiall excellency,
With, God preserue the good Duke Humphrey,
And many things besides that are not knowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey,
But I will after him, and if I can,
Ile lay a plot to heaue him from his seate.

Exit Cardinal.

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinal,
Cosen of Somerset, be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinal too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Som. Thanks cosin Buckingham, joyne thou with me,
And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

Buck. Content, come let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

Exit Buckingham and Somerset.

Sess. Pride went before, Ambition followes after,
Whilste these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My lords, let vs seeke for our countries good,
On thaire I heard this haughtie Cardinal
Sweate, and forswete himselfe, and braue it out,

More

More like a Ruffian then a man of church.
Cosen Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plannesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credite amongst the common sort,
The reverence of mine age, and Neuels name,
Is of no little force if I commaund,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes Warwicke my noble sonne?

War. For griefe that all is lost that Warwicke wonne.
Sonnes. Anjoy and Maine, both giuen away at once,
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which we won
with our swards, be giuen away with wordes?

Yorke. As I haue read, our Kings of England were woont to
haue large dowries with their wiues, but our king Henry
giues away his owne.

Salsb. Come sonnes, away, and looke vnto the maine.

War. Vnto the Maine, oh father, Maine is lost,
Vvhich Warwicke by maine force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meane Maine,
Whch I wil win from France, or els be slaine.

Exit Salsbury and Warwicke.

Yorke. Anjoy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue offertill England.

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,
And make a shew of loue to proud Duke Humphrey:
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,
Forthats the golden marke I seeke to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,
Whose church-like humors fits not for a Crowne:

Then

Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands deare bought Queene,
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falle at iarres,
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the ayre shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To graffle with the house of Lancaster:
And force perforce, Ile make him yeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

Exit Yorke.

*Enter Duke Humphrey, and Dame Elinor
Cobham his wife.*

Elinor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade?
What seekest thou Duke Humphrey King Henryes Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnkle to the King and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy mind?

Humph. My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons against my soueraigne lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do beude no ill.

Elinor. What dreempt my lord? Good Humphrey tel it me,
And ile interpret it, and when that's done,
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

Humph. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreempt that
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The hands of the Cardinall of Winchester,
William de la Poole first Duke of Suffolke.

Elinor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,

That

houses, of Torke and Lancaster.

That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall for thi offence make forfeit of his head.
But now my lord, ile tell you what i dreampt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminister, and seated in the chaire
Where the Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a crowne of gold,
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.

Humph. Fie Nell, ambitious wooman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife, belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my Lord! what, angry with your Nell
For telling but her dreame? the next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe and not be rated thus.

Humph. Nay Nell, ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messen. And it please your grace the King and Queen to
morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Albones, and
craues your companie along with them.

Humph. With all my heart I will attend his grace:
Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

exit Humphrey.

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there?

Enter sir John Hum.

VVhat sir John Hum, what newes with you?

sir John. Iesus preserue your maiesty.

Elnor. My maiestie, why man I am but grace,

B

sir

The first part of the contencion of the two famoues

sir John Yea, but by the grace of God and Huns aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Elnor. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Jordane*, the
cunning witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullinbrooke* and the rest,
and will they vndertake to do me good?

sir John I haue Madam, and they haue promised me to raise
a spirit from the depth of vnder ground, that shall tell your
grace all questions you demaund.

Elnor. Thanks good sir John, sometwo daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is riding to *Saint Albons*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him:
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard here,
There cast their spells in silence of the night,
And so resolute of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, and so farewell.

exit Elnor.

sir John Now sir John Hum, no words but mum,
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich,
The Dutches she thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from anotherplace,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these treasons against the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie duke of Suffolke,
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Dutches fall,
Who now by coniurations thinkes to raise:
But whist sir John, no more of that I trow,
For feare you lose your head before you go.

exit.

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the
Armourer's man.*

I Peti. Come sirs, let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,

That

That we may shew his grace our severall causes.
2 Peti. I pray God saue the good Humphries life,
For but for him, a many were vndone,
That ran ge no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they
take him for Duke Humphrey, and giues
him their writings.

1 Peti. Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke,
Queen. Now good felows, whom would you speake withal?
2 Peti. If it please your maestie, with my Lord Protectors
Grace.

Queene. Are your sutes to his grace? let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suffolke. A compaint against the Cardinalls man,
What hath he done?

2 Peti. Mary my lord, he hath stolne away my wife,
And th'are gone togither, and I know not where to find them.

Suffolke. Hath he stolne thy wife, that's some iniury indeed,
But what say you?

Peter Thump. Mary sir I come to tell you that my master
said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne,
and that the King was an usurper.

Queene. An usurper thou wouldest say.

Peter. Yea forsooth an usurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an usurper?

Peter. No forsooth, I said my master said so, th'other day
when we were scowring the Duke of Yorke's armour in our
garret.

Suff. Yea mary this is something like,
Who's within there?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Pursuant for his master straight,
Weele heare more of this before the King.

The first part of the contention of the two famouſe

Exit with the Armourers men.

Now ſit whatſ yours? let me ſee it,
VVhatſ here?

A complaint againſt the Duke of Suffolke for incloſing the
commons of long Melford.

How now ſir knaue?

I Peti I beſeech your grace to pardon mee, I am but a
mefſenger for the whole towneſhip

He teaſes the papers.

Suffolke. So now ſhow your petition to Duke Humphrey.
Villaines get ye gone, and come not neare the Court,
Dare theſe peſants write againſt me thus?

exeunt Petitioners.

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, you may ſee by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That ſeekes to him more then to King Henry,
VVhoſe eies are alwaies poring on his booke,
And ne're regards the honour of his name,
But ſtill muſt be protected like a child,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That ſcarce will moue his cap, nor ſpeakē to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,
That ruffles it with ſuſh a troope of ladies,
As ſtrangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day ſhe vaunted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worſt gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any griefe of mind be like to this?
I tell thee Poole when thou diſt runne at Tilt,
And ſtolſt away our ladies hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had beene like to thee,
Or elſe thou hadſt not brought me out of France.

Suffolk. Madam e, content your ſelte a little while,
As I was cauſe of your comining to England,
So wil I in England work your ful content:
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue ſet hine-twigs that will intangle them;

As

As that your grace ere long shall understand.
But stay madame, here comes the King.

Enter King Henry, and the Duke of York and the Duke of Somer-
set on both sides of the King, whispering with him: and enter
Duke Humphry, Dame Elnor, the Duke of Buckingham, the
Earle of Salfbury, the Earle of Warwicke, and the Cardinall of
Winchester.

King. My lords, I care not who be Regent in Fraunce, or
Yorke, or oþerþet, alls one to me.

Yorke. My lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,
Let Somerset enjoy his place, and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinke worthy, let him goe,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whom souer you account worthy,
Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Peace Warwicke, giue thy betters leue to speake.

War. The Cardinal s not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

Queen. My lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somer-
set were regent ouer France.

Humph. Madame, our King is old enough himselfe,
To giue his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be bold enough, what needes your grace
To be protector ouer him so long?

Humph. Madame, I am but Protector ouer the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolk. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King,
As who is King but thee? the common state
Doth (as we see,) all wholy go to wracke,
And millions of treasure hath beene spent,
And as for the Regent ship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthy than Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deedes that Yorke hath done, Should make him worthy to be honored here.

Suff. Peace headstrong Warwick.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suff. Because here is a man accusde of Treason, Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe. Ho, bring hither the Armouer and his man.

Enter the Armouer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master of high Treason, and his words were these.

That the duke of Yorke was law ful heire vnto the crowne, and that your grace was an usurper.

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Armor. An't shal please your maestey, I never said any such matter, God is my witnessse, I am falsly accused by this villaine here.

Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke I beseech your grace let him haue the law.

Armor. Alas my Lord, hang me if euer I speake these words, my accuser is my prentise, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would be even with me, I haue good witnessse of this, and therefore I beseech your maestey do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

King Vnkle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Humph. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious, That a day of combate be appointed, And there to trie each others right or wrong, Which shall be on the thirtith of this month, With Eben staues, and Standbags combating In Smithfield, before your Royall Maestey,

exi Humphrey.

Armor. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter Alas my Lord, I am not able to fight.

Suff. You must either fight serra, or else be hangde:

Goe

Go take him hence againe to prison.
The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hit the Dusches of Gloster

in a boxe on the eare.

Queene Giue me my gloue, why minion can you not see?

She strikes her.

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had beene you.

Elnor. Did you not, proud French-woman,
Could I come neare your daintie visage with my nailes,
I de set my ten commandements in your face.

King Be pacient gentle Aunt,
It was against her will.

Elnor Against her will good King, shackle dandle thec,
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her:
But let it rest, as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike daine Elnor vnreuenge.

exit Elnor.

King Belleeue me my loue, thou wert much too blame,
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had beene here in place.

Enter Duke Humphrey

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her now
Vnckle Gloster, what answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France?
Whom thinkes your grace is meetest for to send?

Humph. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the Armourer doth speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trial's made, and Yorke may cleere himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France,
Make haste my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expirde.

Somer. I humbly thankc your royll maicstic,

And

The first part of the contention of the two f. mons
And take my leaue to poste with spedc to France.
exu Somerset.

King Come vncle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame, your hawke, they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie, how she will flic to day. exent omnes.

Enter Elnor, with sir John Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Comurer,
and Margeryouraune a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir John take this scrole of paper here,
Wherin is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And heare the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

sir John. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiends for to obey your wills,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then Roger Bullenbrooke, about thy taske,
And frame a circle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I theron all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuellis below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

Bullenbrooke makes a cir le.

Bullen Darke night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherin the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowells of this centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eie,
Askalon, Ascenda, Ascenda.

It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit
riseth vp.

spirit. Now Bullenbrooke, what wouldest thou haue me do?

Bullen. First, of the King, what shall become of him?

spirit.

houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

Spirite. The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,
Yet him out hue, and die a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?

Spirite. By water he shall die, and take his end.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Spirite. Let him shun castles, safer shal he be vpon the sandy
plaines, where castles mounted stand.

Now question me no more for I must hence againe.

He sinkes downe againe.

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poole,
Where Pluto in his firie waggon sits,
Riding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the riuier Styx,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordan, rise, and stay thy charming spells:
Sonnes, we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Duke of Buckingham
and others.*

Yorke. Come sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht: what Madame, are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treasons thus with Coniurers,
The King shall haue a notice of this thing.

exit Elnor abone.

Buck. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Give it me my Lord, Ile shew it to the King:
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

exit with them.

Buck. My Lord, I pray you let me go poste vnto the King,
Vnto Saint Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content, away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord.

exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Who's within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

C

Yorke.

Yorke Sirra, go will the Earle of Salsbury and Warwicke,
to sup with me to night.

exit Yorke.

One I will my lord.

exit.

Enter the King and Queene with her hawke on her fist, and
Duke Humphrey and Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
as if they came from hawking.

Queene My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.

King How wonderfull the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these seely creatures of his hands!
Vnkle Gloster, how hie your hawke did soare,
And on a sodain sowst the partridge downe.

Suff. No maruel, if it please your maestie,
My lord Protectors hawke doe towre so well,
He knowes his master loues to be aloft.

Hum. Faith my Lord it is but a base mind,
That can soare no higher then a Faulcons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be aboue the clowdes.

Hum. Yea my lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts beat
on a crowne, proud Protector, dangerous Peere, to smooth it
thus with King and common-wealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more then needes,
church-men so hote! good vnkle can you dote?

Suff. Why not? hauing so good a quarrel, and so bad a cause.

Hum. As how, my lord?

Suff. As you, my lord, and it like your Lordly
lords Protectorship.

Hum. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queen And thy ambition Gloster.

King Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these furious
Lords to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on
earth.

Car

bounes, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Hum. Faith holy vncle, I would it were come to that.

Card. Euen when thou darest.

Hum. Dare ! I tell thee Priest, Plantagenets could never
brooke the dare.

Card. I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and son to John of
Gaunt.

Hum. In Bastardie.

Card. I scorne thy words.

Hum. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in thine owo
person meeke me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith cosin Gloster, had not your man cast off so
soon, we had had more sport to day, come with thy sword and
buckler.

Hum. Faith priest ile shauue your crowne.

Card. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King The wind growes high, so doth your color, lords.

Enter one crying, a myracle.

How now! now sirra, what miracle is it?

One And it please your gracie, there is a man that came blind
to saint Albons, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King Go fetch him hither, that we may glorifie the Lord
with him.

*Enter the Mayor of saint Albons, and his brethren with musicke,
bearing the man that had beene blind, betwene
two in a chaire.*

King Thou happy man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey Where wast thou borne?

poore man At Barwicke sir, in the North.

Hum. At Barwicke, and come thus far for help?

poore. Yea sir, it was told me in my sleepe,

That sweet saint Albons, should giue me my sight againe.

Hum. What art thou lame too?

The first part of the contention of the two famoues

Poore man Yea indeed sir, God help me.

Humphrey How camst thou lame?

Poore man With falling off on a plum-tree.

Humphrey Wart thou blind, and would clime plum-tree?

Poore man Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.

Humphrey But tell me, wart thou borne blind?

Poore man Yea truly sir.

Woman. Yea indeed sir, he was borne blind.

Humphrey What art thou, his mother?

Woman His wife sir.

Humphrey Hadst thou beene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told:

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

Poore man Yes truly master, as cleere as day.

Humphrey Saist thou so! what colour's his cloake?

Poore man Why red master, as red as bloud.

Humphrey And his cloake?

Poore man Why that's greene.

Humphrey And what colour's his hose?

Poore man Yellow master, yellow as gold.

Humphrey And what colours my gowne?

Poore man Blacke sir, as blacke as ieat.

King Then belike he knowes what colour ieat is on.

Suffolke And I think ieat did he never see.

Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one:
But tell me sirra, what's my name?

Poore man Alas master I know not.

Humphrey What's his name?

Poore man I know not.

Humphrey Nor his?

poore. No truly sir.

Hum. Nor his name?

poore. No indeed master.

Hum. What's thine owne name?

poore. Sander, and it please you master.

Hum. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendome.

stendome. If thou hadst been borne blind, thou mightst aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the severall colours we do weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but so dainly to noiniate them all it is impossible. My lords, Saint Albons here hath done a miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs againe?

poore man Oh maister I would you could.

Humphrey My maisters of Saint Albons,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whips?

Major Yes my lord, if it please your grace.

Hum. Then send for one presently.

Major Sirra, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

exit one.

Hum. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirra, if you meane to saue your selfe from whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole, and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

poore. Alas master I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Hum. Well sir, we must haue you find your legs,
Sirra Beadle, whip him til he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle I will my Lord, come on sirra, off with your doublet quickly.

poore. Alas master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

After the beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runs away, and they run after him, crying,
a miracle, a miracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, and whipt through every market Towne till he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

Major It shal be done my Lord.

exit Major.

Suff. My lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blind to see and the halt to go.

Hum. Yea but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

Witness France.

King Haue done I say, and let me heare no more of that.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham.

What newes brings Duke Humphrey of Buckingham?

Buck. Ill newes for some my lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
By witchcrafts, sorceries, and coniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprizde,
And heres the answer the diuell did make to them.

King First of the King, what shall become of him?

Reads The Duke yet liues, that Henry shall depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death,
Gods wil be done in all:

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By water shall he die and take his end.

Suff. By water must the duke of Suffolke die,
It must be so, or els the diuell doth lie.

King Let Somerset shun castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandy plaines,
Then where castles mounted stand.

Car. Heres good stufte: how now my lord protector?
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarcely keepe your promise.

Humph. Forbeare ambitious prelate to vrge my grise,
And pardon me my gracious soueraigne,
For here I sweare vnto your maiesty,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes,
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done:
And for she would betray her soueraigne lord,
Here renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Unlesse she cleere her selfe of this foule deed.

King Come my lords this night welle lodge in S. Albons,

And

bonys, of Yorke and Lancastren.

And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these treasons forth,
Come vnkle Gloster along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent.

exeunt omnes.

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of
Salsbury and Warwicke.*

Yorke My lords, our simple supper ended, thus
Let me reueale vnto your honors here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by lineall descent.

War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuills are thy subiects to commaund.

Yorke Then thus my lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second was Edmund of Langley,
Duke of Yorke.
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Roger Mortemer, Earle of March.
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.

Now, Edward the black prince he died before his father, & left
behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, crowned by
the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.
Edmund of Langly duke of Yorke died, and left behind him
two daughters, Anne and Elinor.

Lyonel duke of Clarence died, and left behind, Alice, Anne,
and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I
claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke
of Clarence the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In
the tyme of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullenbrooke, sonne
and

and heire to John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the third, he claime de the crowne, depoide the mirthful King, and as you both know, in Pembrug Castle harmles Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

Saf. SAVING your tale my lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrook, the Duke of York did claime the Crown, and but for Owen Glendor, had bin King.

Yorke True, but so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebell Glendor, the noble Duke of Yorke was done to death, and so euer since the heires of John of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

War. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine? he claimes it from Lyonel duke of Clarence, the third son to Edward the third, and Henry from John of Gaunt the fourth son. So that til Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee and in thy sons, braue slips of such a stocke. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place be we the first to honor him with birth-right to the Crowne.

Both: Long liue Richard Englands roiall King.

Yorke I thank you both: but lords, I am not your king, vntil this sword be sheathed eu'en in the heart bloud of the house of Lancaster.

War. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe, and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to guard it, I wil rouse the Beare, Inuiron'd with ten thousand ragged-staues To aide and help thee for to win thy right, Maugre the proudest lords of Henryes bloud, That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why, my mind presageith I shall liue To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwick, and York doth hope to see
The

13

The Earle of Yorke and Lancastre
The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in Eng-
land, but the King. Come lets goe.

Enter King Henry, and the Queen, Duke Humphrey, the Duke of
Suffolke, and the Duke of Buckingham, the Cardinal, and dame
Elnor Cobham, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the
Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of Salsbury and Warwicke.

King Stand forth dame Elnor Cobham dutches of Gloster,
& heare the sentence pronounced against thee for these trea-
sons, that thou hast committed gainst vs, our States, and Peers.
First, for thy haynous crimes, thou shalt two daies in London
do penance barefoot in the streetes, with a white sheete about
thy bodie, & a wax taper burning in thy hand: that done, thou
shalt be banished for ever into the Ile of Man, there to end thy
wretched daies, and this is our sentence irrevocable. Away
with her.

Elnor Fuen to my death, for I haue liued too long.
Act the 11. scene 11. execute some with Elnor.

King Grieue not noble vncle, but be thou glad,
In that these treasons thus are come to light,
Lest God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
For her offences that thou heldist so deare.

Humph. Oh gracious Henry, gide me leaue awhile,
To leaue your grace, and so depart away.
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of thine eies to swell,
And therefore good my Lord let me depart.

King With all my heart good vncle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shal be my guide, both for my land and me.

Humpb. My staffe, yea noble Henry, my life and all,
As erst thy noble father made it mine,
And euer as willing at thy feet I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,

— *... in your very next communication of the two farms*

No leſſe beloved of vs, then when
Thou wert Protector ouer my land.

Queene Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be but in King Henries hand?

Yorke Please it your maestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating,
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

King Then call them forth, that they may try their rights.

Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunken; and he enters with a drun before him, and his staffe with a sand-bagge fastened to it: and at the other doore, his man with a drun and sand-bag, and Prentises drinking to him.

I Neighbor Here neighbor Horner, I drink to you in a cup
And feare not neighbor, you shall do well enough. (offack.

2 *Neigh.* And here neighbor, here's a cup of Charneco.

3 Neigh. Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbour
drinke and be mery, and feare not your man.

Armoner Let it come, yfaith I'll pledge you all,
And a fig for Peter.

I Prentise Here Peter, I drinke to thee, and be not affraid.

2 *Prin.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret wine for thee.

3. Pres. And heres a quart for me, and be mercie Peter,

And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the prentisea.

Peter I thanke you all, but Ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all my mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am never able to deale
with my master, he hath leard so much fence already.

Salsb. Come leauç your drinking, and fall to blowes:
Sirra, what's thy name?

Peter Peter forsooth.

Selb. Peter, what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sept.

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Humph. I charge you for your lines stir not a foot, etc.
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,
See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee hete,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pece vp studie ruse my shaine,
And ban thine enemies: Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme griefe,
And bear'st patiently to ease thy heare.

Elnor Ah Gloster, teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart,
The ruthlesse flouts do cut my tender feare,
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be advised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah Gloster, can I endure this and hue?
Sometime Ie say I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forlorne Dutches,
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascall follower.

Hum. My louely Nell, what wouldest thou haue me do?
Should I attempt to refue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Elnor Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As shortly sure it will: For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do al in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bawfond that false priest,

Hanc.

Have all lymde bushes to betray thy wings,
And fliethow thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your grace, vnto his highnes Parliament
holden at saint Edmunds bury, the first of the next month.

Humph. A Parliament and our consent never craude
Therein before. This is sodeine.

Well, we will be there.

exit Herald.

Maister Shiriffe, I pray proceede no further against my
lady, then the course of law extends.

Shiriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliuer her to sir John Standly,
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

Humph. Must you sir John conduct my lady?

Standly. Yea my gracious lord, for so it is decreede,
And I am so commaunded by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir John, vse her nere the worse,
In that I intreat you to vse her well,
The world may smile againe, and I may live,
To do you fauor if you do it her,
And so sir John farewell.

Elnor. What? gone my lord, and bid not me farewell?

Ham. Witness my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake.
exit Humphrey and his men.

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes,
Come Standley, come, and let vs haste away.

Standly. Madame, lets go vnto some house here by,
Where you may shift your selfe before we goe.

Elnor. Ah good sir John, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away, with casting off my sheete:
But come, let vs go, master Shiriffe farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldest.

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of Buckingham, and the

D. 3

Duke

Duke of Suffolke, and then the Duke of Yorke, and the Cardinall of Winchester, and then the King and Queene, and then the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Warwicke.

King I wonder our vnkle Gloster staines so long.

Queene Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious duke doth vse himselfe?

The time hath beene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:

But now let one meete him eu[n] in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,

And he will neither moue nor speake to vs,
See you not the Commons follow him

In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life Iesu preserue his grace,
Honoring him as if he were a King:

Gloster is no little man in England,

And if he list to stir commotions,

Tis likely that the people will follow him:

My lord, if you imagine, there is no such thing,

Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare,

My lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,

Disproue my allegations if you can,

Add by your speeches, if you can reprove me,

I will subscribe and say, I wrong'de the Duke.

Suffolke Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,

And if I had beene licent first to speake,

I thinke I should haue told your graces tale,

Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streme is deepest,

No, no my soueraigne, Gloster is a man

Vnsouaded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

King Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

Somerset Cold newes my lord, and this it is,

That all your holds and Townes within those Territories,

Is overcome my Lord, and all is lost.

King Cold newes indeede Lord Somerset,
But Gods will be done.

Yorke

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke Humphrey.

Humph. Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

Suffolke. Nay Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

Humph. Why Suffolkes duke thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

Yorke. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes from
And stopt the souldiers of their pay, (France,
By which his maestie hath lost all France.

Humph. Is it but thought so, and who are they that think so?
So God help me, as I haue watcht the night,
Euer intending good for England still,
That pennie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day,
I neuer robd the souldiers of their pay,
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the souldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

Car. In your Protectorship you did devise,
Strange tormentors for offenders, by which meanes
England hath beeene defamde by tyrannie.

Hum. Why tis well knowne that whilst I was protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer, or foule felonious theefe,
That robs and murthers seely passengers,
I torturd above the rate of common law.

Suffolke. Tush my lord, these be things of no accoune,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleere thy selfe.

King. Good vncle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleere thy selfe,

My

the p[re]y part of the contention of the two jambs

My conscience tells methou art innocent.

Humph. Ah gracious Henry these daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their thoides for good King Henryes sake,
For I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction,
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords firie eies shewes his envious mind,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe:
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne mistris,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses now,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The prouerb no doubt will be well performide,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

Suffolke Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,
As if that shee with ignominious wrong,
Had subord or hyred some to sweare against his life?

Queene Yea but I can give the loser leaue to speake.

Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
Beshrew the winners hearts, they play me false.

Buck. Heele wrest the sence and keep vs here al day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Card. Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house.

Humph. O! thus king Henry casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shal bite him first.
Farewel my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.

King My lords, what to your wisedomes shall seeme best,

Do

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Do and vndo, as if our selfe were here.

Queene What wil your highnesse leue the Parliament?

King Yea Margarett, my heart is killid with griefe,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.

exit King, Salsbury, and Warwicke.

Queene Then sit we downe againe my lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerset,
Let vs consult of proud duke Humphries fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and common wealth.

Suffolke And so thinke I madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King,
And it may be, by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The foxe barkeres not when he would steale the lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deede,
We should not question, if that he should liue,
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,
Lest that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

York Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suff. Let that be my lord Cardinall's charge and mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queene How now sirra, what newes?

Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vnt controld,
Do plant themselues within the English pale,
And burne and spoile the Country as they go.

Queen What redresse shall we haue for this my Lords?

Yorke Twere very good, that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate champion were sent ouer,
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,

E

He

the iij^{me} parte of the contention of the two famoues

He did so much good when he was in France.

Somer. Had Yorke beene there with all his far fetcht
Pollicies he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke. Yea, for Yorke would haue lost his life, before
That shoulde haue revolte from Englands rule. (then I.

Somer. Yea, so thou might st, and yet haue gouernd worse

Yorke. What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

Queene Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of armed men to quell the pride,
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke. Well Madame, sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen souldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune gainst those Kernes.

Queene. Yorke thou shalt, my lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers,
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

Buck. Madaine I wil, and leue such a band
As soone shal ouercome those Irish rebells:
But Yorke, where shal those souldiers stay for thee?

Yorke. At Bristow, I will expect them ten daies hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

exit Buckingham.

Yorke. Adiew my Lord of Buckingham.

Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do,
And you Lord Cardinal concerning Duke Humphrey.
T were good that you did see to it in time.
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

exeunt omnes, manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now Yorke bethinke thy selfe and rouse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Lest when thou wouldest, thou canst not it attaine,
Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seducde a head strong Kentish man,
John Cade of Ashford.

Vnder

16
houses of Yorke and Lancaster.

Vnder the title of sir John Mortimer,
To raise commotion, and by that meanes,
I shall perceiue how the common people,
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystril sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemnd,
Heele nere confess that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go, ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone, he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines:
To help him to performe this enterprize,
And then Duke Humprhey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands crowne,
But York can tame and headlong pul them down. *exit York.*

Then the curtaines being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed: and then enter the Duke of Suffolke to them.

Suff. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. Yea my Lord, he is dead I warrant you.

Suff. Then see the clothes laid smooth about him stil,
That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2 All things is hansome now my Lord.

Suff. Then draw the curtaines againe, and get you gone,
And you shal haue your firm reward anon. *exit Suffolke.*

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Somerset, and the Cardinall.

King My lord of Suffolke go call our vnckle Gloster,
Tell him, this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

Suff. I will my Lord.

exit Suffolke.

King. And good my lords, proceed no further against our vn-
Then by iust proofe you can affirme, *(kle Gloster,*

For as the fucking child or harmlesse lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter Suffolke.

How now Suffolke, where's our vncle?

Suff. Dead in his bed, my Lord, Gloster is dead.

The King falleth in a swoone.

Queene Ay me, the King is dead: help, help, my lords.

Suff. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry, comfort.

King What doth my Lord of Suffolke bid me comfort?
Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satilie my grieves, or ease my heart?
Thou balefull messenger, out of my sight,
For euen in thy eie-balls murther sits,
Yet do not go: come Basaliske
And kill the feely gazer with thy lookes.

Queene Why do you rate my lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.

King Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene Be woe for me, more wretched then he was,
What doſt thou turne away and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome leaper, looke on me,
Was I for this niewrackt vpon the ſea?
And thrice by aukward winds driven backe from Englands
What might it bode but that well foretelling (bounds,
Winds ſaid, ſeeke not a ſcorpions neaſt.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke and. Salfury.

War. My lord, the Commons like an angry huic of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they ſting,
For good Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinal here.

King That he is dead (good Warwicke) is too true,
But how he died, God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuy chamber my lord, and view the body.

Good!

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Good father stay you with the rude multitude til I retayne.

Salsb. I will sonne.

exit Salsbury.

Warwicke drawes the curtaines and shewes Duke

Humphrey in his bed.

King Ah vncle Gloster, heauen recceue thy soule,
Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule, that tooke our shape vpon him
To free vs from his fathers dreadful curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Upon the life of this famous Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull oath sworne with a solemnne tongue,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these wordes?

War. Oft haue I seen a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloudlesse:
But loe, the bloud is settled in the face,
More better coloured, then when he liude,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spread abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,
It cannot chuse but he was murthered.

Queene Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge.
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. Yea, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,
And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But wil suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partrige in the puttockes neast,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the Kite soare with vnbloudy beake?
Euen so suspitious is this Tragedie.

Queene Are you the Kite Bewford, where's your talents?
Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his Knife?

Suff. I weare no Knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,

That

the just part of the contention of the two famous

That flanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in Duke Humphreys death.

exit Cardinall.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundred times.

War. Madame be ye still, with reverence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slander to your royll maestie.

Suff. Blunt witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke,
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruite thou art,
And neuer of the Nevils noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees,
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meantest,
That thou thy selfe wast borne in bastardy,
And after all this fearefull homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and send thy soule to hell,
Pernititious bloud-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy bloud,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

Warwicke pulls him out.

*Exit Warwicke and Suffolke, and then all the Commons
within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke.
And then enter againe the duke of Suffolke and War-
wicke, with their weapons drawne.*

King Why how now lords?

Suff.

20

bounsets, of Turke and Lancaster.

Suff. The traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set alvpon me, mightie soueraigne.

*The commons againe cries downe with Suffolke, downe
with Suffolke. And enter from them the Earle of Sa-
lisbury.*

Salsb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
That vnlesse false Suffolk here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say, by him they feare the ruine of the Realme:
And therefore, if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

Suff. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolish't hinds,
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my lord were glad to be employd.
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honor Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassadour,
Sent from a sort of tinkars to the King.

*The Commons cries, an answere from the King,
my Lord of Salsbury.*

King Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care,
And had not I beene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it: therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

exit Salsbury.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuers the doome of gentle Suffolkes
banishment.

King Vngentle Queene, to cal him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare it is irrevocable:
Come Warwicke, and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

exit King and Warwicke, manet Queene and Suffolke.

Queene

THE FIFTH PART OF THE CONVENTION OF THE TWO JAMONS

Queene Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third,
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suff. A plague vpon them: wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes,
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signes of deadly hate,
As leane fae de Enuy in her loathsoine caue,
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eies should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me thinkes my burthened heart would breake.
Should I not curse them: poison be their drinke,
Gall, worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste,
Their sweetest shade, a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards stings,
Their musique frightfull, like the serpents hisse.
And boding strike-owles make the consort full,
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Queene. Enough sweete Suffolke, thou tormentest thy self.

Suffolke You bade me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where biting cold would never let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene No more, sweete Suffolke, hie thee hence to France,
Or hie where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall find thee out,
And long thou shalt not stay, but ile haue thee repeald,
Or venture to be banished my selfe,
Oh let this kisle be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me:
Away, I say, that I may feele my griefe,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

Suff.

house, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Suff. Thus is poore Suffolke ten tordes banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter Vawse.

Queene How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

Vawse. To signific vnto his maiestie,
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,
Somtimes he raues and cries as he were mad,
Somtimes he callvpon Duke Humphreys ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calls to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euен now he cald alowd for him.

Queene Go then good Vawse, and certifie the King.

exit Vawse.

Oh what is worldly pompe! all men must die.

And woe am I for Bewfords heauy end,
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?
Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Suff. And if I go, I cannot liue: but here to die,
VVhat were it else, but like a pleasant slumber
In thy lap?
Here could I, could I, breeath my soule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
That dies with mothers dug between his lips,
VVhere from thy sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eies,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
That I might breath it so into thy body,
And then it liude in sweete Elyziam,
By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,
From thee to die, were torment more then death,
O let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queene Oh mightst thou stay with safetie of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay, but heauens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeald.

Suff. I goe.

F.

Queene

Queene And take my heart with thee.

She kisssh him.

Suff. A iewell locket into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth;
Thus like a splitted bark so sander we:
This way fall I to death.

exit Suff. R.

Queene This way for me. *exit Queene.*
Enter King and Salsbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and
the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, raving and staring as if he
were mad.

Car. O death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as wil purchase such another Island.

King Oh see my lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?

What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent.
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face: looke, look, combe downe his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sals. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart,

King Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

Oh see, he dies, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Sals. So bad an end did never none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King Forbeare to judge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will judge vs all:

Go take him hence, and see his funeralls be performde.

exceunt omnes.

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as
were a fight at sea. And then enter the captaine of the shippes
and the Master, and the Masters mate, and the duke of Suff-

folles

houses, of York and Lancaster.

folke disguised, and others with him, and Walter Whickemore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scornd to yeeld,
Vnlaide their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,
Here master, this prisoner I giue to you:
This other, the Masters Mate shall haue,
And Walter Whickinore, thou shalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ransomes ere they passe.

Suff. Walter! he starteth.

Walter. How now, what doest thou feare me?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suff. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe:
I do remember well, a cunning wifard told me,
That by Walter I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded,
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Guakter, not Walter.

Walter. Guaker or Walter, all's on to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suff. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

Walter. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchant-like sell bloud for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2 Priso. But what shall our ransomes be?

Master. A hundred pounds a peece, either pay that, or die.

2 Priso. Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

Walter. Come serra, thy life shall be the ransome
I wil haue.

Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poole.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags?

Suf. Yea sir, but these rags are no part of the duke,
Ioue sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. Yea but Ioue was never slaine as thou shalt be.

Suff. Base lady groome, King Henries bloud,
The honorable bloud of Lancaster,

The first part of the contynution of the two famones

Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Walter take him hence
And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suff. Thou darste not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes Poole,

Suff. Poole?

Cap. Yea, Poole, puddle, kennell, sincke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the Queene,
Shall sweep the ground, and thou that
Smildst at good duke Humphreys death,
Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

Suff. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mighty Abradas,
The great Macedonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. Yea but my deedes shall stay thy fury soon.

Suff. Hast not thou waited at my trencher,
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?
Hast not thou kist thine hand and held my stirrop?
And barehead plodded by my footcloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I smild on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish tongue.

Cap. Away with him V Valter, I say, and off with his head.

1 Pris. Good my lord, intreat him mildly for your life.

Suff. First let this neck stoope to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Save to the God of heauen, and to my King,
Suffolkes imperiall tongue cannot pleade
To such a iady groome.

Walter. Come, come, why do we let him speake?
I long to haue his head, for ransome of mine cie.

Suff. A sworder and bande to slauc,
Murthered sweete Tully:

Britus bastard hand stabde Julius Cæsar, when he was a yonge man.
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas. And this day he dyed.
exit Suffolke, and Walter.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliuered vnto her:
Come lets go.

Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long stasse in thy pike,
and prouide thy selfe, for I can tell thee, they haue bin vp this
two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But firra George, whats the matter?

George. Why firra, Iack Cade the Dyer of Ashford here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.

Nick. Yea mery he had need so, for us grownt thredbare,
Twas neuer mery world with vs, since these gentlemē came vp
to George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a lord weare a
leather aperne, now adacies.

Nicke. But firra, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dick the Butcher, & Robin the Saddler,
and Wil that came a wooing to our Nan last sunday, & Harry
and Tom, & Gregory that should haue your Patnol, & a great
fort more is come from Rochester, & from Maidstone, & Can
terbury, & al the townes here abouts, and we must al be lords
orsquires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I hearre the Drum, they be comming.

Enter Iacke Cade, Dicke Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom,

Harry and the rest with long staves.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I, John Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Nicke. He was an honest man, and a good Brick-laicer.

Cade. My mother came of the Brasfes.

Wil. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

A neare part of the commynion of the two ymages

Robin And now being not able to occupy her furd packe,
She washeth buckes vp and downe the countrey.

Cade Therefore I am honorable borne.

Harry Yea, for the field is honorable, for he was borne
Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade I am able to endure much.

George Thats true, I know he can endure any thing,
For I haue seene him whipt two market daies togither.

Cade I feare neither sword nor fire.

Wil. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of proofer.

Dick But me thinkes he shold feare the fire, being so often
burnt in the hand, for stealing of steepe.

Cade Therfore be braue, for your captain is braue, and vows
reformation: you shal haue seuen half-peny loaves for a peny,
and the three hoopt pot, shal haue ten hoops, and it shal be fe-
lony to drinke sinal beere, and if I be the King, as King I wil be.

All. God save your maiestie.

Cade I thank you good people, you shal abete & drink of
my score, and go al in my liuery, and weel haue no writing, but
the score and the tally, and there shal be no lawes, but such as
comes from my mouth.

Dicke We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into
the mouth the other day.

George Yea and stinking law too, for his breath stinkes so,
that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will with the clarke of Chastam.

Will Oh Captaine, a pryeze.

Cade V. Vhose that, VVill?

Wil. The Clarke of Chastam, he can write and reade & cast
account, I tooke him setting of boies copies, and he has a book
in his pocket with red letters.

Cade Sounes, hees a coniurer, bring him hither,
Now sir, what's your name?

Clarke Emanuell sir, and it shal please you.

Dicke It will go hard with you, I can tel you,
For they vse to write that o'th top of letters.

Cade And what do you vse to write your name?

Or

houses, of Yorke and Lancasters.

Or do you as ancient forefathers have done,
Use the score and the tally?

Clarke. Nay true sir, I praise God I haue bin so welbrought
vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh he has confess, go hang him with his penney inck,
horne about his necke.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captain: news, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his
brother are comming with the Kings power, & me to kill vs al.

Cade. Let them come, hees but a Knight is he.

Tom. No, no, hees but a Knight.

Cade. VVhy then to equal him, ile make my selfe Knight
Kneele downe John Mortimer,
Rise vp sir John Mortimer.
Is there any more of them that be Knights?

Tom. Yea his brother.

He kynghis Dicke Butcher.

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

Now sound vp the drumme.

Enter sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother, with
drumme and souldiers.

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues, I passe not a pint.
Tis to you good people that I speake.

Staf. VVhy country-men, what meane you thus in troupes,
To follow this rebellious traitor Cade?

VVhy his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. VVell, Adam was a Gardner, what then?
But I come of the Mortimers.

Stafford. Yea, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade. The Duke of Yorke, nay, I learnt it my selfe.
For looke you, Roger Mortimer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Staff. VVell, that's true, but what then?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Staff. Thats false.

Cade

the first part of the conquest of the two jumors

Cade Yea, but I say, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade And one of them was stoln away by a beggarwoman,
And was my father, and I am his sonne,

Deny it and you can.

Nicke Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the brickes are aliuie at this day to testifie.

Cade But dost thou heare Stafford tel the King, that for his
fathers sake, in whose time boies plaid at spanne-counter with
French crownes, I am content that he shall be King as long as
he liues: mary alwaies provided, he be Protector ouer him.

Staff. O monstrous simplicitie!

Cade And tell him, weele haue the Lord Sayes head, & the
duke of Somersets, for delivering vp the dukedomes of Anoye
and Mayne, and selling the towns in France, by which meanes
England hath bin maimed ever since, and gone as it were with a
crouch, but that the puissance held it vp. And besides, they can
speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staff. As how I prethee?

Cade Why the French men are our enemies, be they not?
And then can he that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be
a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

Staff. Well sirra, wilt thou yeld thy selfe vnto the Kings
mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and re-
bellious deedes?

Cade Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile
pardon him, or otherwaise ile haue his crowne tel him, ere it be
long.

Staff. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings townes,
That those that wil forsake the Rebel Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his maiestie.

exit Stafford and his men.

Cade Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

*Alarums to battaille, and sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are
slaine.*

longes of Yorke and Lancaster.

slaine. Then lacke Cade againe, and she rest.

Cade Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day most valiantly, and knockt them downe as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house, and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it was: thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score and one a weeke: drum strike vp, for now weeke march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster.

excuse omnes.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene with the Duke of Suffolkes head, and the Lord Say,
with others.

King Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine, And the rebels march amaine to London, Go backe to them, and tell them thus from me, Ile come and parly with their generall.

Reade. Ye stay, ile reade the letter once againe: **Lord Say**, lacke Cade hath solemnly vowed to haue thy head.

Say. Yea, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolks death, I feare my loue, if I had bin dead, thou wouldest not haue mournd so much for me.

Queene No my loue, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a messenger.

Messen. Oh flic my Lord, the rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the bridge, Calling your grace an usurper, And that monstrous rebel Cade, hath sworne To crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flic my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King, Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather An Army vp, and meege with the rebels: Come Madam let vs haste to Killingworth, Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the rebell Cade do find thee out.

Say My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me: And therefore with your highnesse loue, Ile stay behind.

King Euers as thou wilt my Lord Say:

G

Come

Act the first of the commenion of the two fauours

Come Madame, let vs goe. exeunt omnes.

Enter the Lord Scayles vpon the Tower
walls walking.

Enter three or fourre citizens below.

L.Scayles How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1 Citizen No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all thoe that withstand them,
The Lord Major craueith aid of your honor from the Tower,
To defend the cittie from the rebelles.

L.Scayles Such aide as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe:
Fight for your King, your country, and your huies,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

exeunt omnes.

Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his sword
upon London stone.

Cade Now is Mortimer Lord of this cittie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, we command,
That the first yeare of our raigne,
The pissing conduit run nothing but red wine,
And now henceforth, it shall be treason
For any that calls me otherwise then
Lord Mortimer.

Enter a souldier.

sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade Zounes, knocke him downe. they kill him.

Dicke My Lord, theres an Army gathered together
Into Smithfield.

Cade Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London bridge on fire:
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too,
Come lets away. exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then Mathew Goffe is slain, and al the rest with him
then enter Iacke Cade again, and his company.

Cade.

Sonnes of York and Lancaster.

Cade. So sirs, now go some and pull downe the Savoy,
Others to the Innes of the court, downe with them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dick. That we may go burne a' the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsde but the score and the tally.

Cade. Dick it shall be so, and henceforward al thing shalbe
in common, and in Cheapside shall my palphrey go to grasse.
Why i't not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent
lamb, shal parchment be made, and then with a little blotting
ouer with inke, a man shal vndo himselfe?

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their wax, for I
am sure I never seald to any thing but once, and I was never
mine owne man sinice.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of?

Cade. Mary he that wil lustily stand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate and a smocke.

Enter George.

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which sold the townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buck:um.
What answer canst thou make vnto my mightines, *Lord*,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Monsier busse mine
cye the Dolphin of France?

And more thē so, thou hast most traiterously erected a gram-
merschool, to infect the youth of the realm, & against the kings
Crownē and dignitie, thou hast built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil
be said to thy face, that thou keepest men in thy house that daily
reades of bookees with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a
Verb, and such abominable words, as no christian care is able
to indure it: and besides al that, thou hast appointed certain iu-
stices of peace in euery shire to hang honest men that steal for
their liuing, and because they could not reade, thou hast hung

the iijij parts of the contention of the two famoues
them vp: onely for which cause they were most worthy to live:
thou ridest on a footcloth, dost thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade Mary I say thou oughtest not to let thy horse weare
a cloake, when an honeste man then thy selfe goes in his hose
and dublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All Kent, what of Kent?

Say Nothing but *terra bona*.

Cade *Bonum terum*, sounds what's that?

Dick He speakes French.

Will. No, tis Dutch.

Nick No, tis Outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termid it the ciuil st place of al this land,
Then noble country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say It is the palsie, and not feare that makes me.

Cade Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be even
with me, if thou getst away, but ile make thee sure enough, now
I haue thee: go take him to the standard in Cheapside & chop
off his head, & then go to Milend-green, to sir James Cromer
his son in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me
vpon two poles presently. *Away with him.*

exit one or two with the Lord Say.

There shall not a nobleman weare a head on his shoulders,
But he shall pay me tribute for it:
Nor there shal not a maid be maried, but he shal fee to me for
Maiden head or else, ile haue it my selfe, (her:
Mary I will that maried men shal hold of me in capite,
And that their wiues shal be as free as hart can think, or tongue

Enter Robin.

(can tell.

Robin O captaine! London bridge is a fire.

Cade Runne to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flaxe and
squench it.

Enter Dicke and a sergeant.

scr.

27

houses, of Yorke and Lancasterr.

Ser. Justice, justice, I pray you sir, let me haue justice of this fellow here.

Cade Why, what has he done?

Ser. Alas sir, he has rauisht my wife.

Dick Why my lord, he woud haue rested me, And I went and entred my Action in his wifes paper house.

Cade Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,

You horson villaine, you are a sergeant, youle

Take any man by the throte for twelue pence,

And rest a man when hees at dinner,

And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth:

Go Dicke, take him hence, cut out his tong for cogging,

Hough him for running, and to conclude,

Braue him with his owne mace.

exit with the sergeant.

Enter two with the Lord Sases head, and sir Iames

Cromers, upon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes end, let them kisse together.

Enter the duke of Buckingham, and Lord Clifford, the Earle of Comberland.

Cliff. Why country men and warlike frends of Kent, What meanes this mutinous rebellion, That you in troupes do muster thus your selues, Vnder the conduct of this traitor Cade? To rise against your soueraigne lord and King, Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you, If you forsake this monstrous rebell here? If honour be the marke whereat you ayime, Then haste to France, that our forefathers wonne, And winne againe that thing which now is lost, And leaue to seeke your countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford. They forsake Cade.

Cade Why how now, will you forsake your generall, And ancient freedome which you haue possest, To bend your neckes vnto their seruile yokes, Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp?

*The first part of the contention of the two famous
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liwings to your hands.*

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to Cade againe

*Clif. Braue warlike friends heare me but speake a word,
Refuse not good, whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honor you shall haue no hurt.*

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

*Cade. How like a feather is this rascal company
Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.*

He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.

*Buck. Go some and make after him, and proclaimme,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand crownes for his labor.*

Come march w.y.

Enter King Henry and the Queene, and Somerset.

King. Lord Somerset, what news heare you of the rebel Cade?

*Som. This my gracious lord, that the lord Say is don to deth,
And the cittie is almost sackt.*

*King. Gods wil be done, for as he hath decreed, so it must be:
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious me.*

*Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bin aliuie,
The rebell Cade had bin supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.*

*Enter the Duke of Buckingham, and Clifford, with the
rebells with halters about their neckes.*

*Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.*

King. But tell me Clifford, is their captaine here?

Cliff. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclamati-

one

28

bonys, of Yorke and Lancastyr.

ons are sent forth, that he that cā but bring his head, shal have a thousand crownes. But may it please your maiesty, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

King Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henrie liues, and weares the English crowne.

All God sauе the King, God sauе the King.

King Come let vs haste to London now with speed,
That solemne processions may be fung,
In laud and honor of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happy victory. exult omnes.
Enter Jacke Cade at one doore, and at the other, master Alexander
Eyden and his men, and Jacke Cade lies downe picking of beards
and easing them.

Eyden Good Lord how pleasant is this country lifel
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented mind, serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.

Cade Sounes heres the Lord of the soile. stand villain, thou
wilt betray me to the King, and get a thousand crowns for my
head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eat yron like an estridge,
and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Eyden Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?
Ist not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And entred into the ground without the leaue of me the aw-
But thou wilt braue me too? (per,

Cade Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best bloud of the
realme, look on me well, I haue eate no meat this ffeue daies, yet
and I do not leaue thee and thy ffeue men as dead as a doore nail,
I pray God I may never eate grasse more.

Eyden Nay, it neuer shalbe said whilst the world doth stand,
that Alexander Eiden an Esquire of Kent, took ods to combat
with a famisht man, look on me, my lits are equall vnto thine,
and euer y way as big, then hand to hand ile combat thee. Sirra
fitch

*The first part of the chronicles of the two famous
fetch me weaponis, and stand you all aside.*

*Cade. Now I word, if thou newst not this burly-boned churke
into chyrches of bese, I beseech God thou maist fall into some
smiths hand and be turnd into hobnailes.*

Eyden Come on thy way. *They fight, and Cade falleth downe.*

*Cade Oh villain, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chi-
ualry, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten
thousand ducels, & give me but the ten meals that I wanted this
fve daies, and Ile fight with you all, and so a pox rot thee, for
Iacke Cade must die.* *he dies.*

*Eyd. Iack Cade, & was it that monstrosous rebell which I haue
slaine: oh sword I honor thee for this, and in my chamber shal
thou hang as a monumēt to after age, for this great seruice thou
haſt done to me, Ile drag him hence, and with my ſword cut off
his head and beare it with me.* *exit*

Enter the Duke of Yorke with drum and ſouldiers.

*Yorke In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring bells alowd, bonfires perfurne the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands roiall King:
Ah ſancta Maieſta, who would not buy thee deare?*

Enter the duke of Buckingham.

But soft, who comes htere? Buckingham, what news with him?

Buck Yorke, if thou meane wel, I greet thee so.

*York Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I ſweare,
What comest thou in loue, or as a messenger?*

*Bu. I come as a messenger from our dread lord & ſoueraign
Henry, to know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace?*

Or that thou being a ſubieſt as I am,

*Shouldſt thus approach ſo neare with colours ſpread,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?*

York A ſubieſt as he is!

*O how I hate theſe ſpightfull abieſt termes,
But Yorke, diſſemblable till thou meete thy ſonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers ſight,
And farre hence I know they cannot be:*

Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,

That

The Sonnes of Yorke and Lancaster.

That I answerd not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstros rebell Cade,
And heauc proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the townes in France.

Buc. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwise but so,
The King doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honor.

Yorke Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troupes,
Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your pay of me.

exeunt soldiery.

Buc. Come Yorke, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

enter King Henry.

King How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my lord, and hath dischargde his troupes
Which came with him, but as your Grace did say,
To heauc the duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the rebells that were vp.

King Then welcome coosin Yorke, give me thy hand,
And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

enter master Eyden with Iacke Cades head.

Eyden Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here (my Lord) vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in singel fight I slew.

King First, thankes to heauen, and next, to thee my friend,
That hast subdue that wicked traitor thus,
Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight!
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled lockes,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning browe,

the first part of the contynent of the two famous

Presageth warlike humors in his life.
Here take it hence, and thou for thy reward,
Shalt be immediately created Knight:
Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name.

Eyden Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden Knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thouſaud markes a yeere for to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthy act,
And thou shalt waite vpon the person of the King.

Eyden I humbly thanke your grace, and I no longer liue.
Then I prooue iust and loyall vnto my King. *exit.*

Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset.

King O Buckingham, see where Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

Queene He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard aud braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke Who's that? proud Somerset at liberty?
Base fearful Henry that thus dishonor st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not governe ouer me,
I cannot brooke that traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to governe, nor to rule,
Resigne thy crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'de to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throne.

Somer. Prowd traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,
Against thy Soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the King.

Yorke Thou art deceived, my sonnes shall be my baile,
And send thee there in spight of him.
Ho, where are you boyes?

Queene Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter

30

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Enter the Duke of Yorke's sonnes, Edward the Earle of March, and crooke-backe Richard, at the one doore, with drum and souldiers, and at the other doore, enter Clifford and his sonne, with drumme and souldiers, and Clifford kneeltes to Henry, and speakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord and soueraigne King.

Yorke. We thank thee Clifford:

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King:
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

King. Yea, a bedlam frantike humor drives him thus,
To leavy Armes against his lawfull King.

Cliff. Why do not your grace send him to the Tower?

Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith shall be his suertie.

Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?

Edward. Yes noble father, if our words wil serue.

Richard. And if our words will not, our swords shall.

Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the frends thou hast,
Both thou and they shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore the Earle of Salfbury and Warwicke, with drum
and souldiers: and at the other, the duke of Buckingham, with
drum and souldiers.

Cliff. Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee and all the friends thou hast.

War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storne,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy housshould badge.

War. Now by my fathers age old Nevells crest,
The Rampant beare chaind to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,

as the first part of the contention of the two factions

As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

Yong Clif. And so renowned soueraigne to armes,
To quel these traitors, and their complices.

Rich. Fie, charity for shaine, speake it not in spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

Yong Clif. Foule Stigmatike, thou canst not tell.

Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you le surely sup in hel.

Al. armes to the battaile, and then enter the Earle of Somerset and Richard fighting. Richard kills him under the signe of the Castle in saint Albons.

Rich. So lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue,
And now behold, vnder a paltry ale-house signe,
The Castle in S. Albons,
Somerset hath made the Willard famous by his death.

Alarne againe, and then enter the Earle of Warwicke alone.

War. Clifford of Comberland, tis warwicke calls,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trumpets sound Alarne,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty ayres,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Prowd Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Clifford speakes within, he went and I did it.
Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes
with his murthering curtelaxe, through the fainting troupes to
find thee out.

Clif.

r H.

War.

Warwicke stand still, and sterte not till I come.
Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Lord, what afoote? Who kild your horse? Who kild your horse? A
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford, noble lord,
Ffue horse this day, slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remayne alive,
But I did kyl this horse he lode so wel,
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter Clifford, and Warwicke offers to
fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chace
My selfe will hunt this Deare to death.

War. Braue lord, as for a crowne thou fightst,
Clifford farewell, as I intend to prosper wel to day.
It grieues my soule to leave thee vnaissaid. exit Warwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of Doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foote to thine,
Vowing never to stir, til thou or I be slaine,
For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoild the hatefull house of Yorke.

Alarmes, and they fight, and Yorke kyls Clifford.

Yorke. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinewes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry groueling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

exit Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter yong Clifford alone.

yong Clif. Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O dismall sight! see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltered in his luke-warme bloud,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, as thy countred Ghost I sweare,

The first part of the contention of the two famours

Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And leſt not one of them to breathe on earth.

He takes him up on his backe.

And thus as olde Ankises sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloudy Greekes:
Euen so will I: but stay, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter Richard, and then Clifford layes downe his father, fightes with
him, and Richard flies away againe.*

Out crookſbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe,
When I haue borne my father to his tent,
Ile tie my fortune better with thee.

exit yong Clifford with his father.

*Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the duke of
Buckingham wounded to his Tent.*

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come, stand not to expostulate, lets go.

King Come then faire Queene, to London let vs haste,
And summon a parliament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre cuents.

exit King and Queene.

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the duke of
Yorke and Richard.*

Yorke How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath beeene,
I hope to vs and ours for Englands good,
And our great honor, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:
But did you see old Salsbury since we
With bloudy minds did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary armes,
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eies beheld.

Enter Salfbury and Warwicke.

Edw. See noble fathir where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

Salfb. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes increasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast prescrude my life.

Yorke What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There (as I heare) to hold a Parliament.

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can:
Now by my Faith Lords twas a glorious day,
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shal be eternizd in all age to come,
Sound Drums and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall. excuse.

F I N I S.

